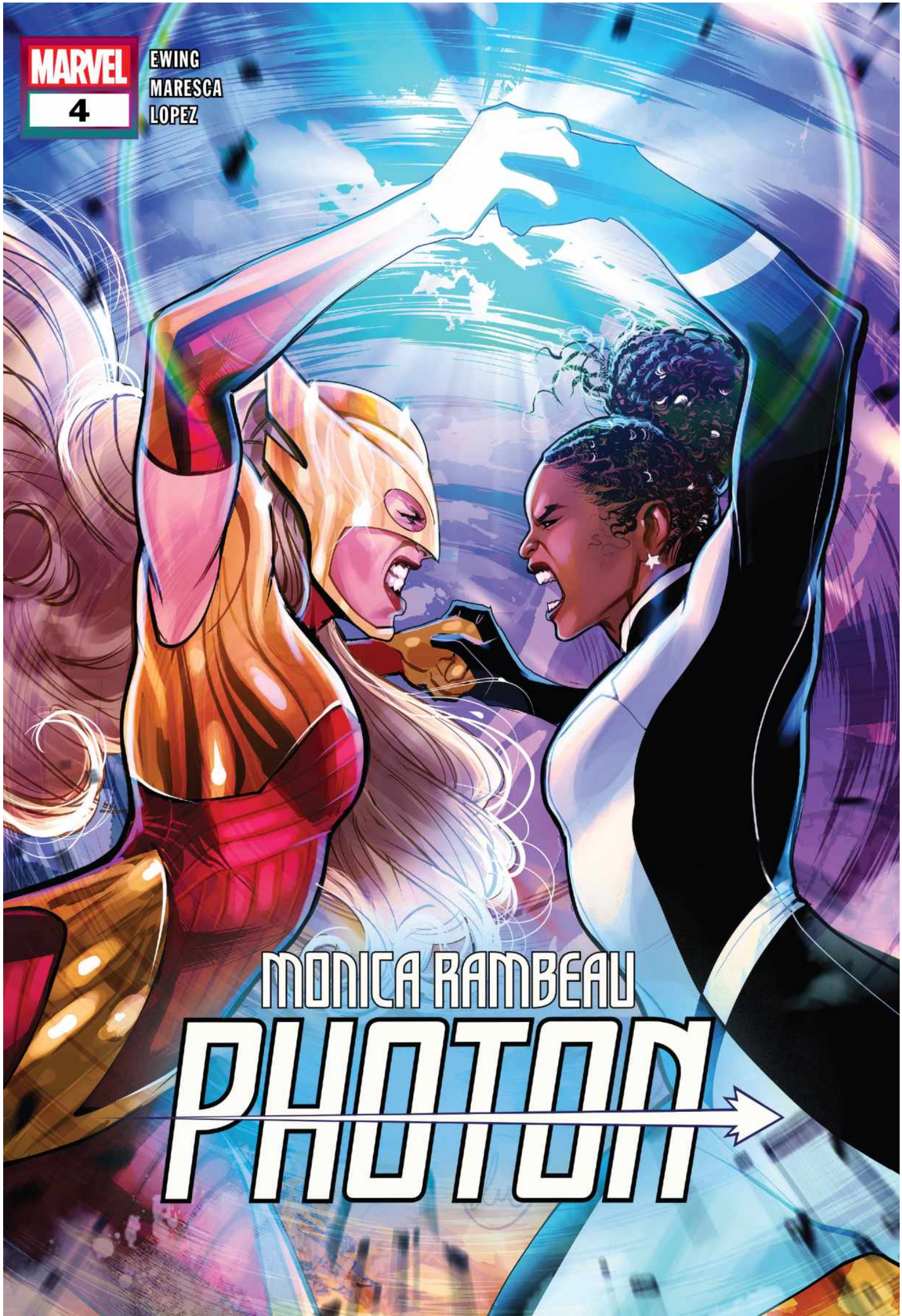
MARVEL
4
EWING
MARESCA
LOPEZ
MONICA RAMBEAU
PHOTON

When New Orleans Harbor Patrol Lieutenant **Monica Rambeau** destroyed a superweapon, she gained the ability to convert her body into any form of energy! Inheriting the "**Captain Marvel**" title, Monica has since used her powers to protect others as a member of the **Ultimates**, **Thunderbolts** and even as leader of the mighty **Avengers**. Whatever team she may join or name she may go by, her heroism will never waver--for she is . . .

MONICA RAMBEAU
PHOTON

Monica was crazy stressed, so she took a break out in the deep, deep depths of outer space--but when she returned, nothing was right: A new **Beyonder** appeared (claiming never to have met Monica before), then her old **Avengers** team showed up as though no time had passed. And every time she turns around, something is different--she's married to **Doctor Voodoo**, her cousin is de-aged, her house is empty.

After helping an alien people called the **Charos**, Monica has returned to the magical Sanctum Sanctorum to locate a relic, the **Hala Stone**, which she believes will resolve these reality shifts. Upon arriving though, she found the Sanctum transformed and two enemies, **Moonstone** and **Hinge**, waiting outside with dire tidings: that Monica herself has broken the universe!

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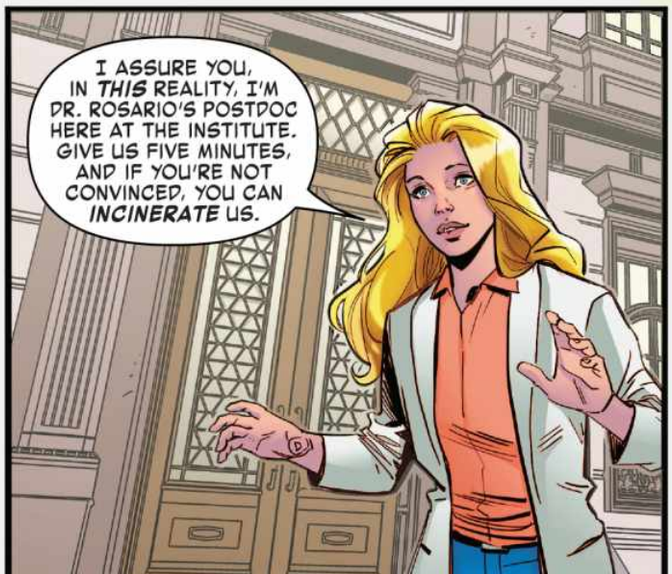
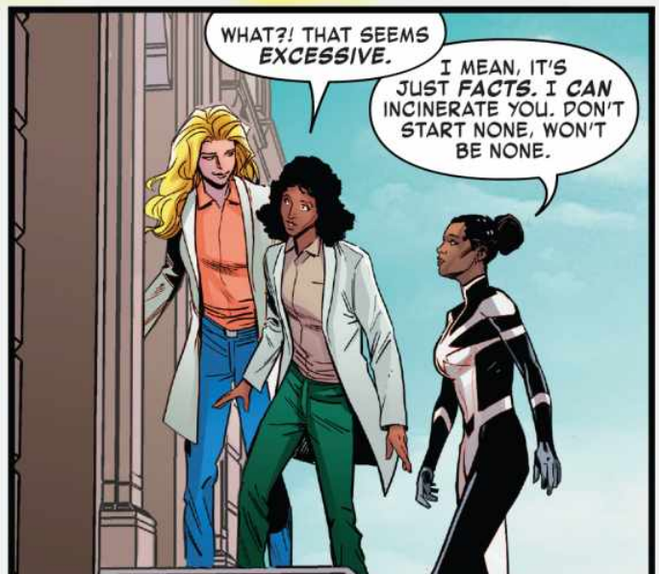
YOU'RE NOT MOVING BETWEEN PARALLEL UNIVERSES, MONICA.
YOU... ***BROKE*** THE UNIVERSE.
NO.
RAVENCROFT INSTITU

I'M YOUR ALLY HERE, OKAY? I'M ***DR. YESENIA ROSARIO.*** I LEAD THE RAVENCROFT INTERREALITY PROJECT. AND THIS IS MY COLLEAGUE--

TRUST, I ***KNOW*** HER. DR. KARLA SOFEN. BETTER KNOWN AS ***MOONSTONE.***
WHERE I COME FROM, WE GOT BEEF.

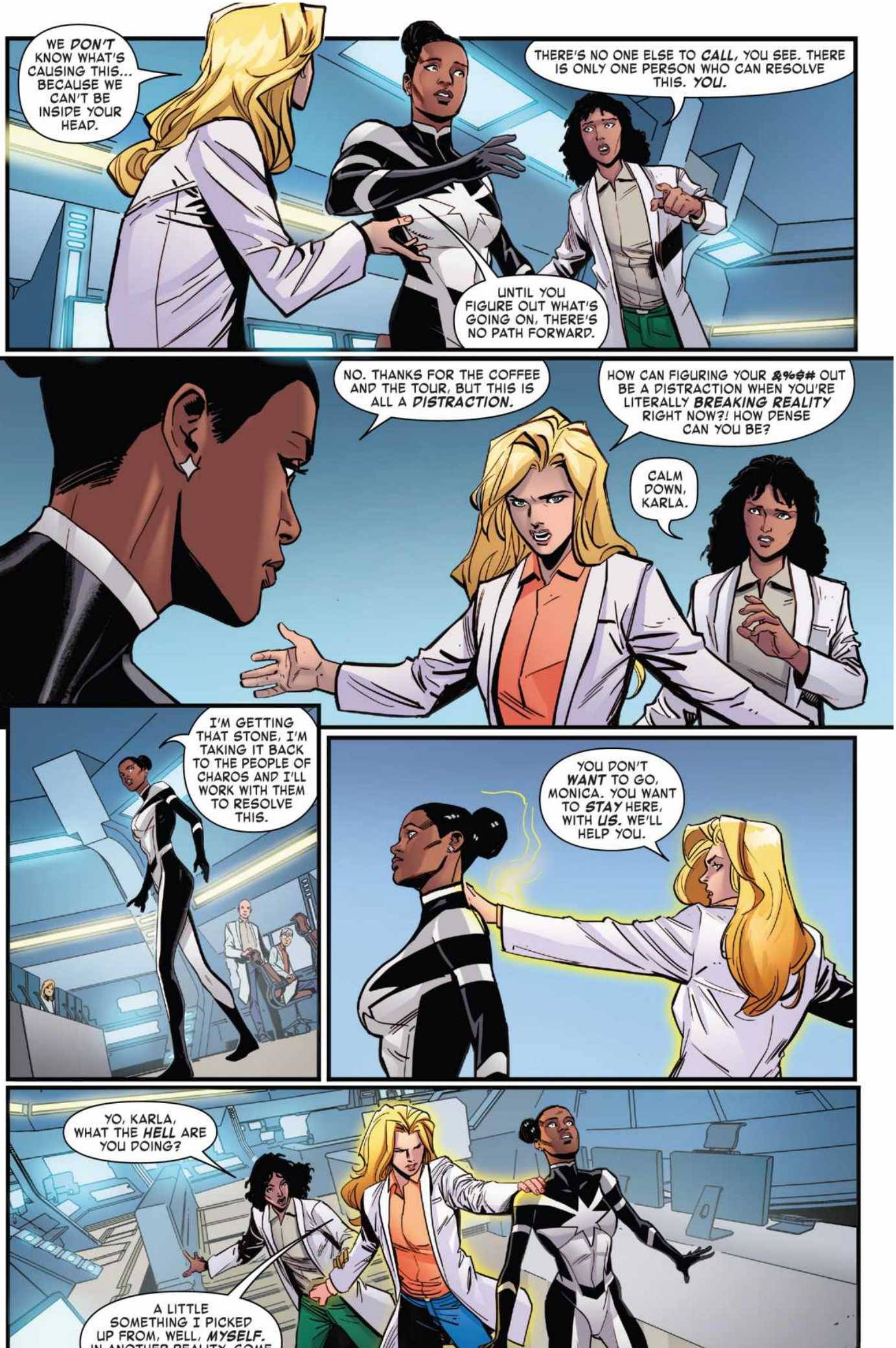

I ASSURE YOU, IN ***THIS*** REALITY, I'M DR. ROSARIO'S POSTDOC HERE AT THE INSTITUTE. GIVE US FIVE MINUTES, AND IF YOU'RE NOT CONVINCED, YOU CAN ***INCINERATE*** US.


WHAT?! THAT SEEMS ***EXCESSIVE.***
I MEAN, IT'S JUST ***FACTS.*** I ***CAN*** INCINERATE YOU. DON'T START NONE, WON'T BE NONE.

THE *STONE OF HALA!* THAT'S WHAT I'M *HERE* FOR.
YES, ONE OF *MANY* TOOLS WE HAVE STUDIED HERE AT THE RAVENCROFT INTERREALITY PROJECT. WE--
R.I.P.? NOBODY THOUGHT THAT THROUGH?
I WANTED *RAVENCROFT INSTITUTE FOR INTERDISCIPLINARY INTERREALITY AND INTERPLANETARY STUDY,* BUT FUNDERS WANTED SOMETHING A LITTLE MORE...WHAT WAS THE WORD THEY USED, KARLA?
"PUNCHY."
AH, YES. SOMETHING MORE *"PUNCHY."*
OUR WORK HERE IS AT THE *CUTTING EDGE* OF...WELL, THE CUTTING EDGE. THE FOLDS OF REALITY, IF YOU WILL. THE FARTHEST BOUNDARIES OF SPACE-TIME ABNORMALITIES. THE FRINGES OF THE UNIVERSE.
"THE CHANGE IN THE COUCH CUSHIONS OF THE SOFA OF COSMOLOGICAL MYSTERY"! SHE GETS IT, YESENIA.

AND HERE'S WHERE WE STUDY WHAT WE'VE COME TO CALL THE *RAMBEAU EVENT.*
GOOD LORD. IS THAT ME?
BACK TO WORK, EVERYONE. DON'T BE *WEIRD.*
LOOK. I KNOW THIS IS A LOT TO HANDLE. BUT WE'VE BEEN...*KEEPING TRACK* OF YOU, MS. RAMBEAU. WE REALIZED SOME TIME AGO THAT THIS WOULD HAPPEN.
BUT WHAT IS *THIS?* WHAT IS ACTUALLY *HAPPENING?* AND HOW DO I GET BACK HOME?
THE BEST ANALOGY I CAN OFFER IS THAT IT'S LIKE WHEN A *ROCK* HITS YOUR WINDSHIELD.
I'M THE *WINDSHIELD?*
YOU'RE THE *ROCK.* THE UNIVERSE IS FRAGMENTED, FRACTURING, SPLINTERING OUT WITH YOU AT THE CENTER.
THERE'S NO "GETTING BACK" TO ANOTHER REALITY. WE-- *YOU--*HAVE TO FIX THE

OKAY. OKAY. AND WHY IS THIS HAPPENING?
WE HOPED YOU WOULD KNOW. THAT'S WHY I CAME TO TRY TO FIND YOU, IN MY...ERM...ALTER-EGO STATE.
YOUR SUPER-VILLAIN STATE.
THAT FEELS HARSH.
LOOK, MONICA. WHETHER YOU WANT TO THINK ABOUT IT OR NOT, YOU ARE ONE OF THE MOST POWERFUL COSMICALLY ENABLED BEINGS ANYWHERE IN ANY ITERATION OF THE UNIVERSE.
WE MAKE IT OUR BUSINESS TO MONITOR BEINGS LIKE YOURSELF WITH SO MUCH POWER.
AND SOME TIME AGO, EVIDENCE BEGAN TO APPEAR THAT SOMETHING WITH YOU WAS...OFF. IN A WAY THAT COULD HAVE GRAVE CONSEQUENCES FOR THE FABRIC OF REALITY.
CUT THAT OUT.
OKAY, SO... WE CAN CALL THE AVENGERS. OR S.H.I.E.L.D. OR SOMEONE WHO CAN... I DON'T KNOW, CAST A SPELL.
YOU'RE NOT HEARING ME, MONICA.
I AM. I'M HEARING THAT YOU'RE DOING ALL THIS INTERDIMENSIONAL RESEARCH ON ME.
AND ALL YOU'VE COME UP WITH IS THIS LITTLE METAPHOR WHERE I'M A


WE DON'T KNOW WHAT'S CAUSING THIS... BECAUSE WE CAN'T BE INSIDE YOUR HEAD.
THERE'S NO ONE ELSE TO CALL, YOU SEE. THERE IS ONLY ONE PERSON WHO CAN RESOLVE THIS. YOU.
UNTIL YOU FIGURE OUT WHAT'S GOING ON, THERE'S NO PATH FORWARD.
NO. THANKS FOR THE COFFEE AND THE TOUR, BUT THIS IS ALL A DISTRACTION.
HOW CAN FIGURING YOUR &%$# OUT BE A DISTRACTION WHEN YOU'RE LITERALLY BREAKING REALITY RIGHT NOW?! HOW DENSE CAN YOU BE?
CALM DOWN, KARLA.
I'M GETTING THAT STONE, I'M TAKING IT BACK TO THE PEOPLE OF CHAROS AND I'LL WORK WITH THEM TO RESOLVE THIS.
YOU DON'T WANT TO GO, MONICA. YOU WANT TO STAY HERE, WITH US. WE'LL HELP YOU.
YO, KARLA, WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING?
A LITTLE SOMETHING I PICKED UP FROM, WELL, MYSELF. IN ANOTHER REALITY, SOME

WE CAN KEEP HER HERE. WHETHER SHE WANTS TO BE OR NOT. AND END THIS. ONCE AND FOR ALL.
NO, KARLA! THIS IS NOT HOW WE DO THINGS.
YOU KNOW HOW THIS ENDS.
I TOLD YOU TO STOP.
WHAT IN THE--?
NO! YOU CAN'T LEAVE! YOU CAN'T!
I SHOULD REALLY WHUP YOUR BEHINDS, BUT I HAVE PLACES TO BE.
NO!
AHHHHHH!
NOW SHE'S GONE!

I CAN'T LET YOU DO THAT.
IT'S NOT REALLY *UP* TO YOU.

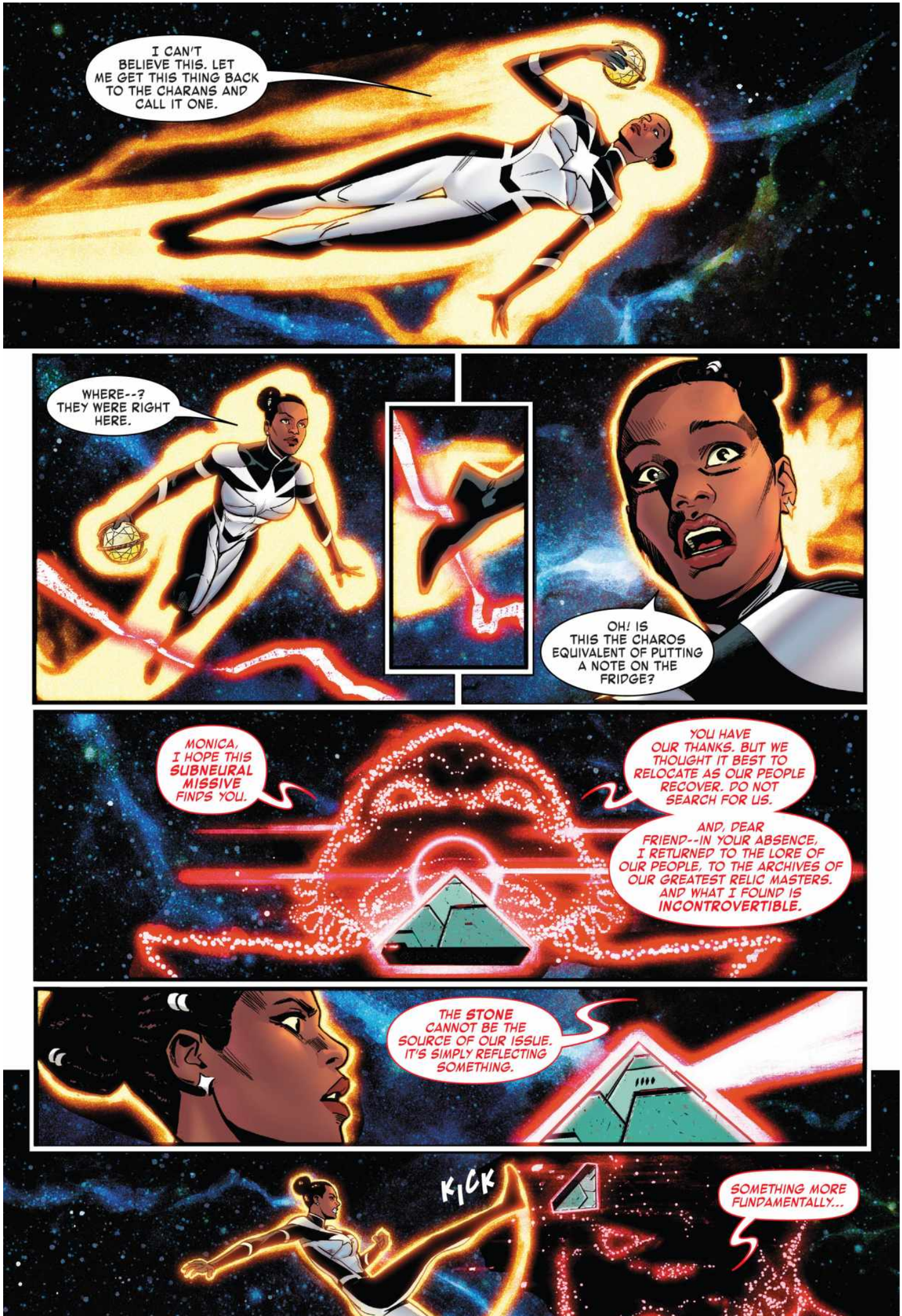
FWOOOM

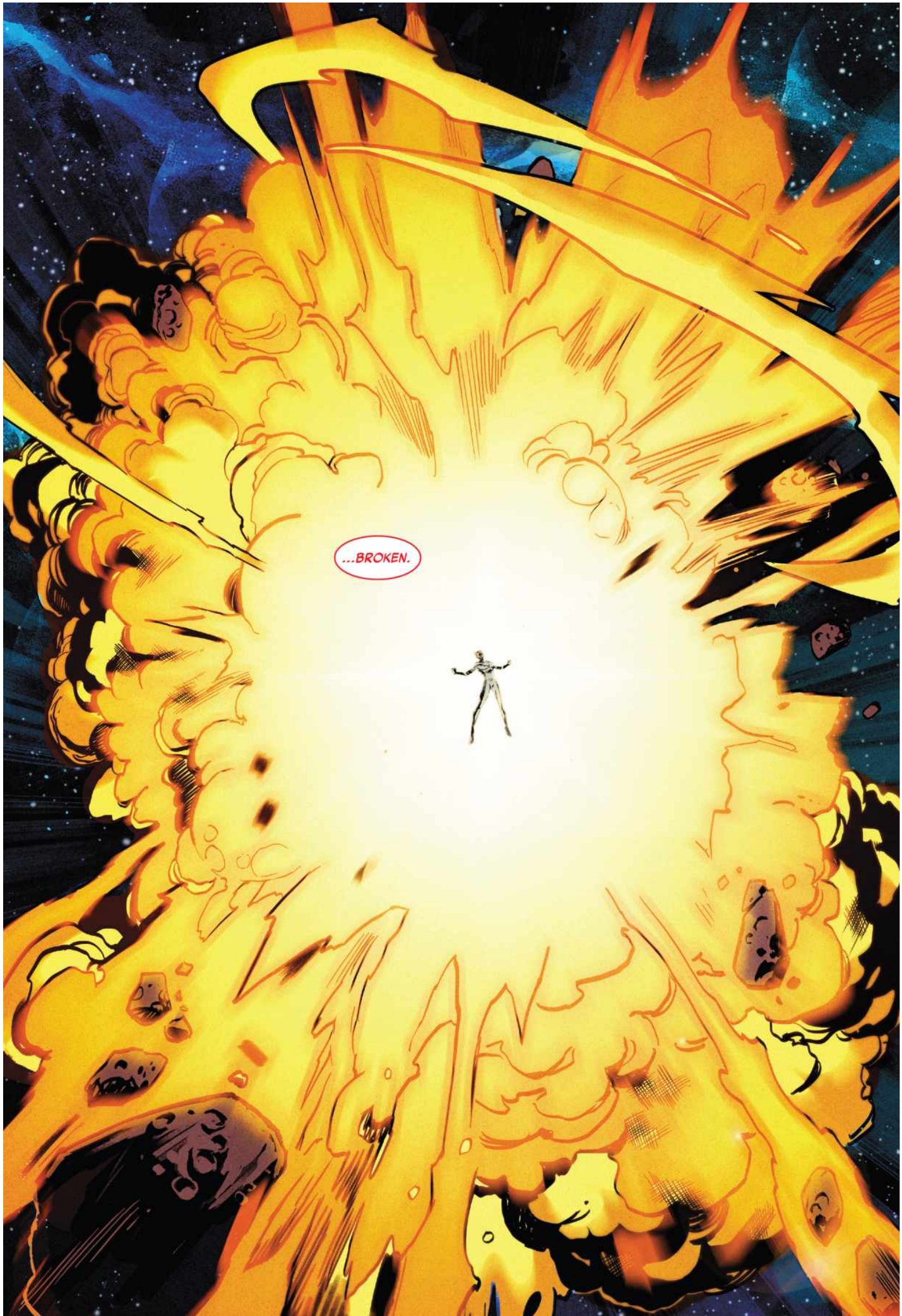
THE NAME IS *CUTE* AND ALL. BUT I CAN GO *TIT FOR TAT* WITH YOU ON *PHOTONS*, MONICA RAMBEAU.
OH YEAH?

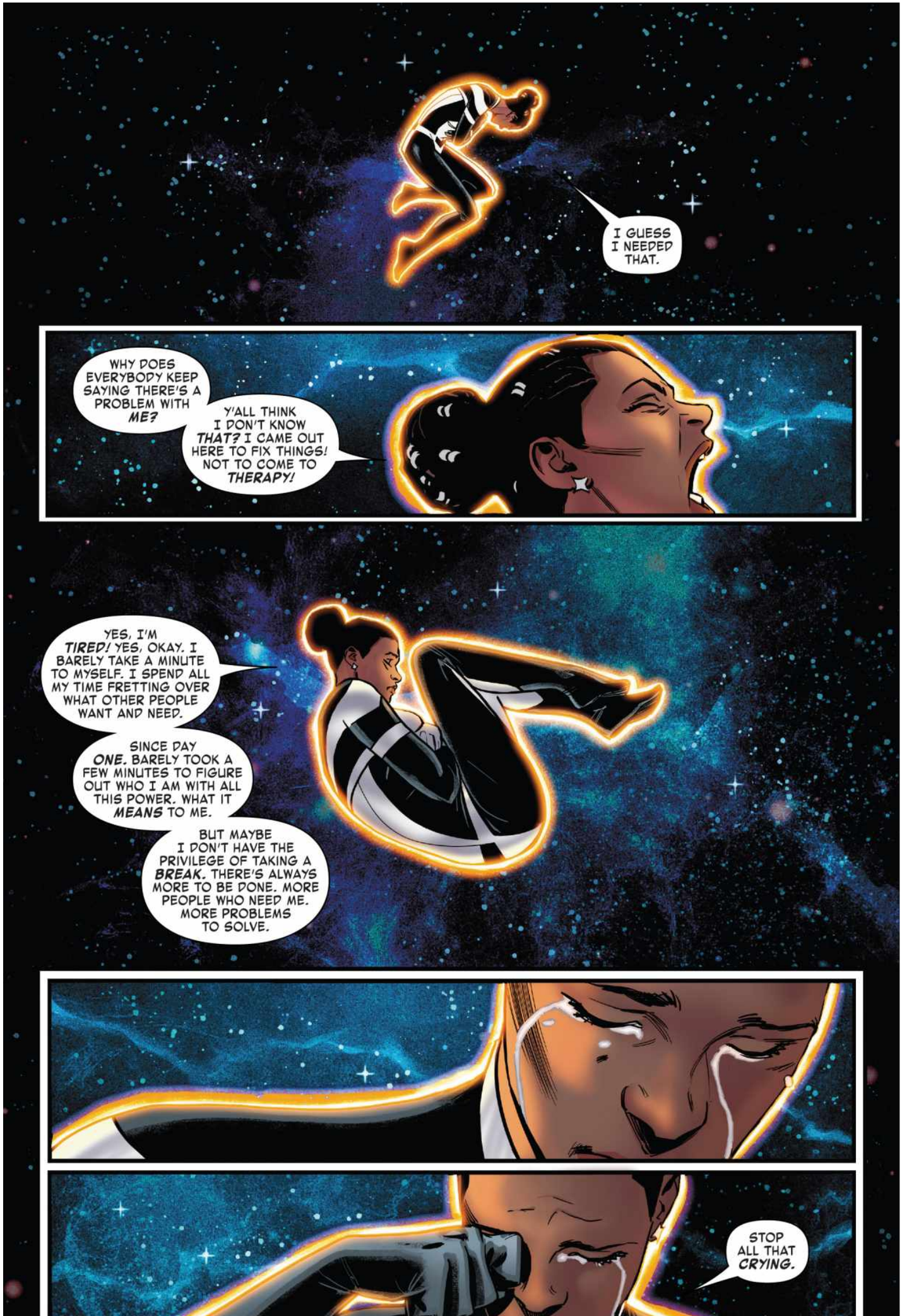
INFRARED IT IS, THEN.

MONICA, YOU'RE MAKING--

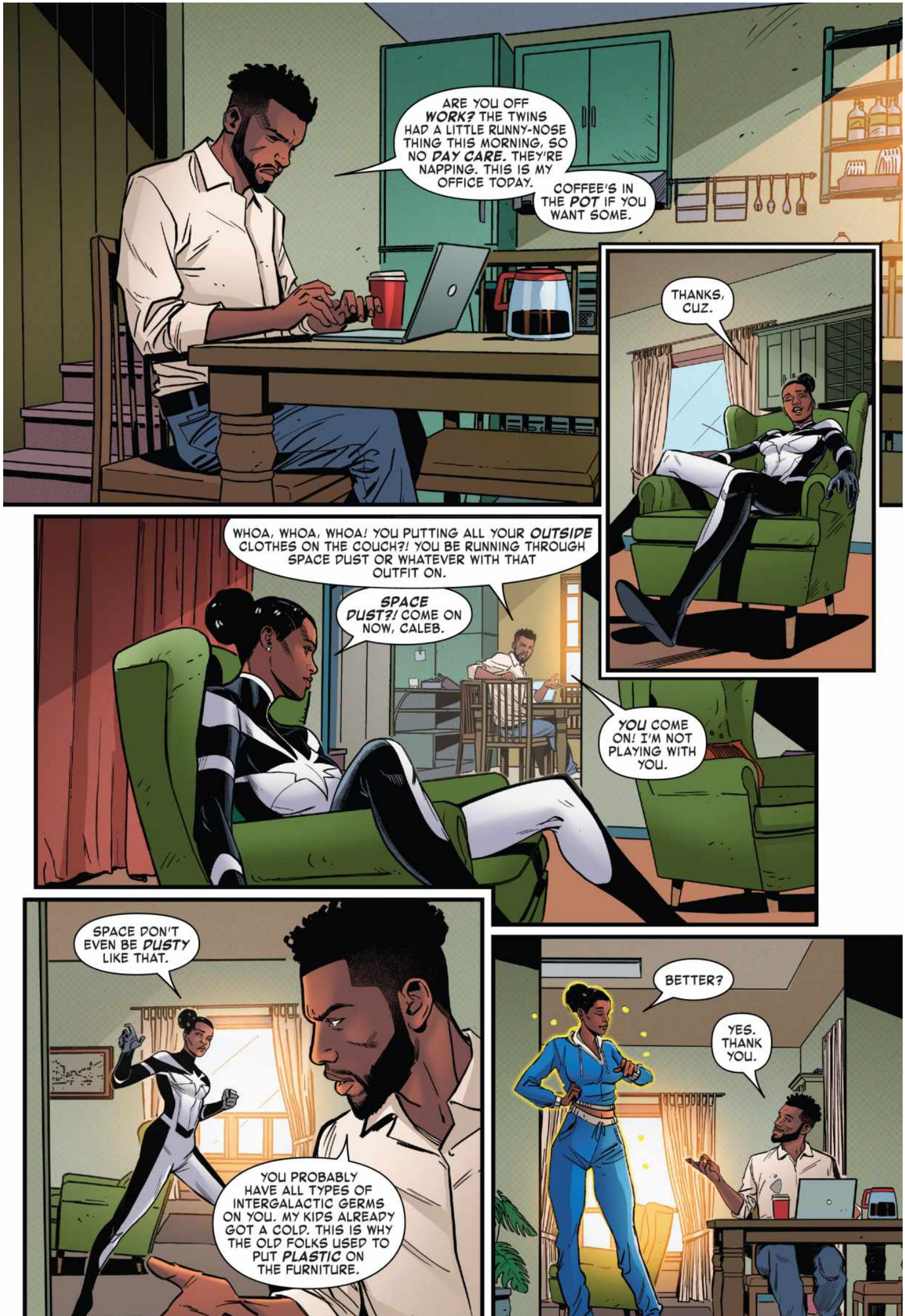
--A MISTAKE.


I CAN'T BELIEVE THIS. LET ME GET THIS THING BACK TO THE CHARANS AND CALL IT ONE.
WHERE--? THEY WERE RIGHT HERE.
OH! IS THIS THE CHAROS EQUIVALENT OF PUTTING A NOTE ON THE FRIDGE?
MONICA, I HOPE THIS SUBNEURAL MISSIVE FINDS YOU.
YOU HAVE OUR THANKS. BUT WE THOUGHT IT BEST TO RELOCATE AS OUR PEOPLE RECOVER. DO NOT SEARCH FOR US.
AND, DEAR FRIEND--IN YOUR ABSENCE, I RETURNED TO THE LORE OF OUR PEOPLE, TO THE ARCHIVES OF OUR GREATEST RELIC MASTERS. AND WHAT I FOUND IS INCONTROVERTIBLE.
THE STONE CANNOT BE THE SOURCE OF OUR ISSUE. IT'S SIMPLY REFLECTING SOMETHING.
KICK
SOMETHING MORE FUNDAMENTALLY...


...BROKEN.


I GUESS I NEEDED THAT.
WHY DOES EVERYBODY KEEP SAYING THERE'S A PROBLEM WITH *ME?*
Y'ALL THINK I DON'T KNOW *THAT?* I CAME OUT HERE TO FIX THINGS! NOT TO COME TO *THERAPY!*
YES, I'M *TIRED!* YES, OKAY. I BARELY TAKE A MINUTE TO MYSELF. I SPEND ALL MY TIME FRETTING OVER WHAT OTHER PEOPLE WANT AND NEED.
SINCE DAY *ONE.* BARELY TOOK A FEW MINUTES TO FIGURE OUT WHO I AM WITH ALL THIS POWER. WHAT IT *MEANS* TO ME.
BUT MAYBE I DON'T HAVE THE PRIVILEGE OF TAKING A *BREAK.* THERE'S ALWAYS MORE TO BE DONE. MORE PEOPLE WHO NEED ME. MORE PROBLEMS TO SOLVE.
STOP ALL THAT *CRYING.*

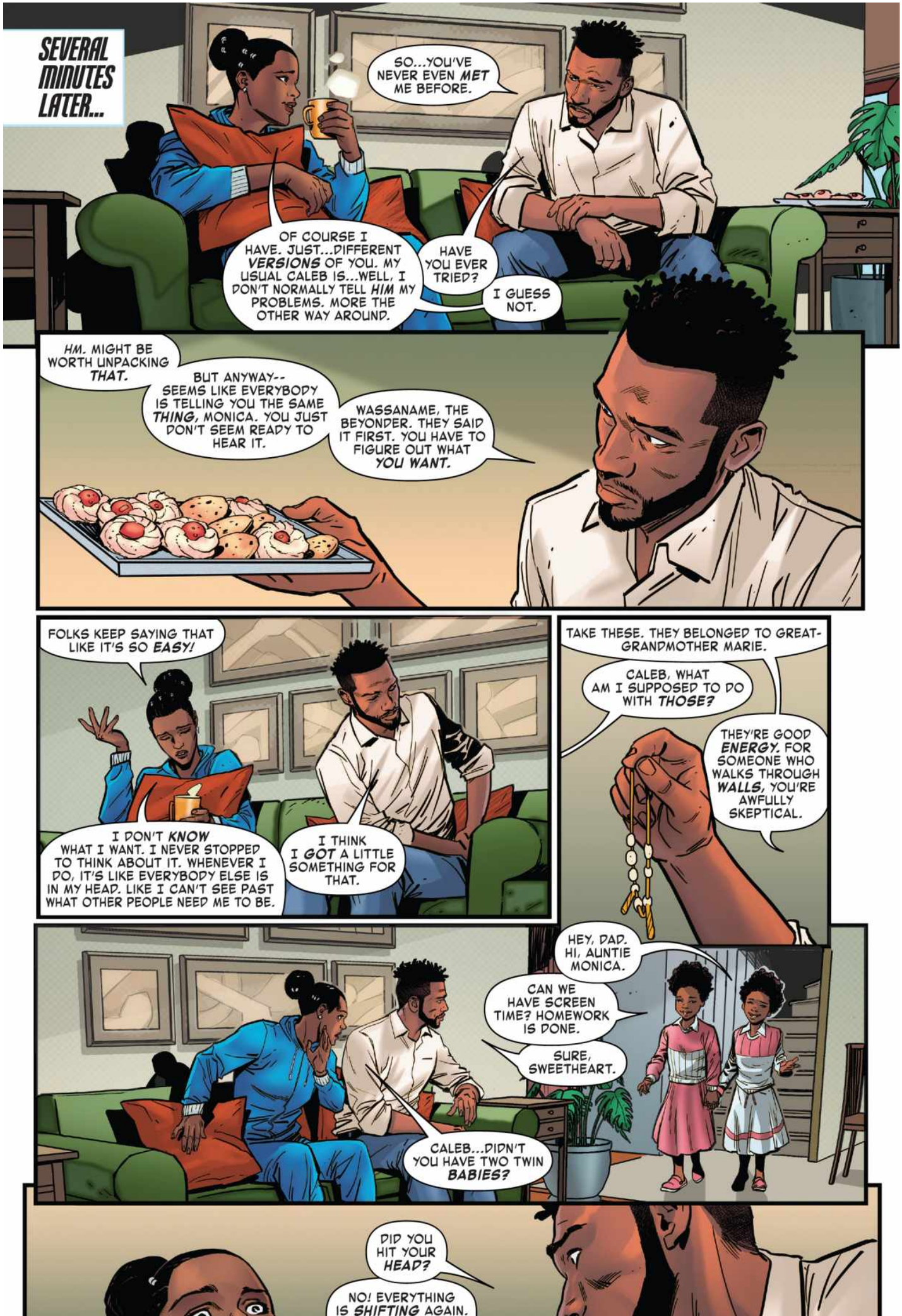
AND YOU *DONE* BROKE THESE PEOPLE'S SUBNEURAL *WHATEVER*... THIS IS A *MESS.*
I'M GOING *HOME.* YOU HEAR THAT, POSA? *HOME.*
THIS PRECIOUS RELIC CAN LIVE IN A *SHOEBOX* FOR ALL I CARE.
AND I'LL JUST BE MARRIED TO JERICHO, I'LL BE AN AVENGER AGAIN, I'LL PICK OUT MY AFRO. WHATEVER. I'M OUT OF *IDEAS.*
I WILL *TAKE--*
--WHAT I CAN *GET.*
OH, COME ON. NOTHING WRONG WITH HAVING SOME *STANDARDS.*


ARE YOU OFF *WORK?* THE TWINS HAD A LITTLE RUNNY-NOSE THING THIS MORNING, SO NO *DAY CARE.* THEY'RE NAPPING. THIS IS MY OFFICE TODAY.
COFFEE'S IN THE *POT* IF YOU WANT SOME.
THANKS, CUZ.
WHOA, WHOA, WHOA! YOU PUTTING ALL YOUR *OUTSIDE* CLOTHES ON THE COUCH?! YOU BE RUNNING THROUGH SPACE DUST OR WHATEVER WITH THAT OUTFIT ON.
SPACE DUST?! COME ON NOW, CALEB.
YOU COME ON! I'M NOT PLAYING WITH YOU.
SPACE DON'T EVEN BE *DUSTY* LIKE THAT.
YOU PROBABLY HAVE ALL TYPES OF INTERGALACTIC GERMS ON YOU. MY KIDS ALREADY GOT A COLD. THIS IS WHY THE OLD FOLKS USED TO PUT *PLASTIC* ON THE FURNITURE.
BETTER?
YES. THANK YOU.

UFF.
THIS IS NICE.

YEAH, AMAZING NEW INVENTION. THEY CALL IT LYING DOWN. YOU SHOULD TRY IT.
TUH.
LAUGHING TOO. AIN'T SEEN YOU DO THAT IN A MINUTE. LOOKS GOOD ON YOU.

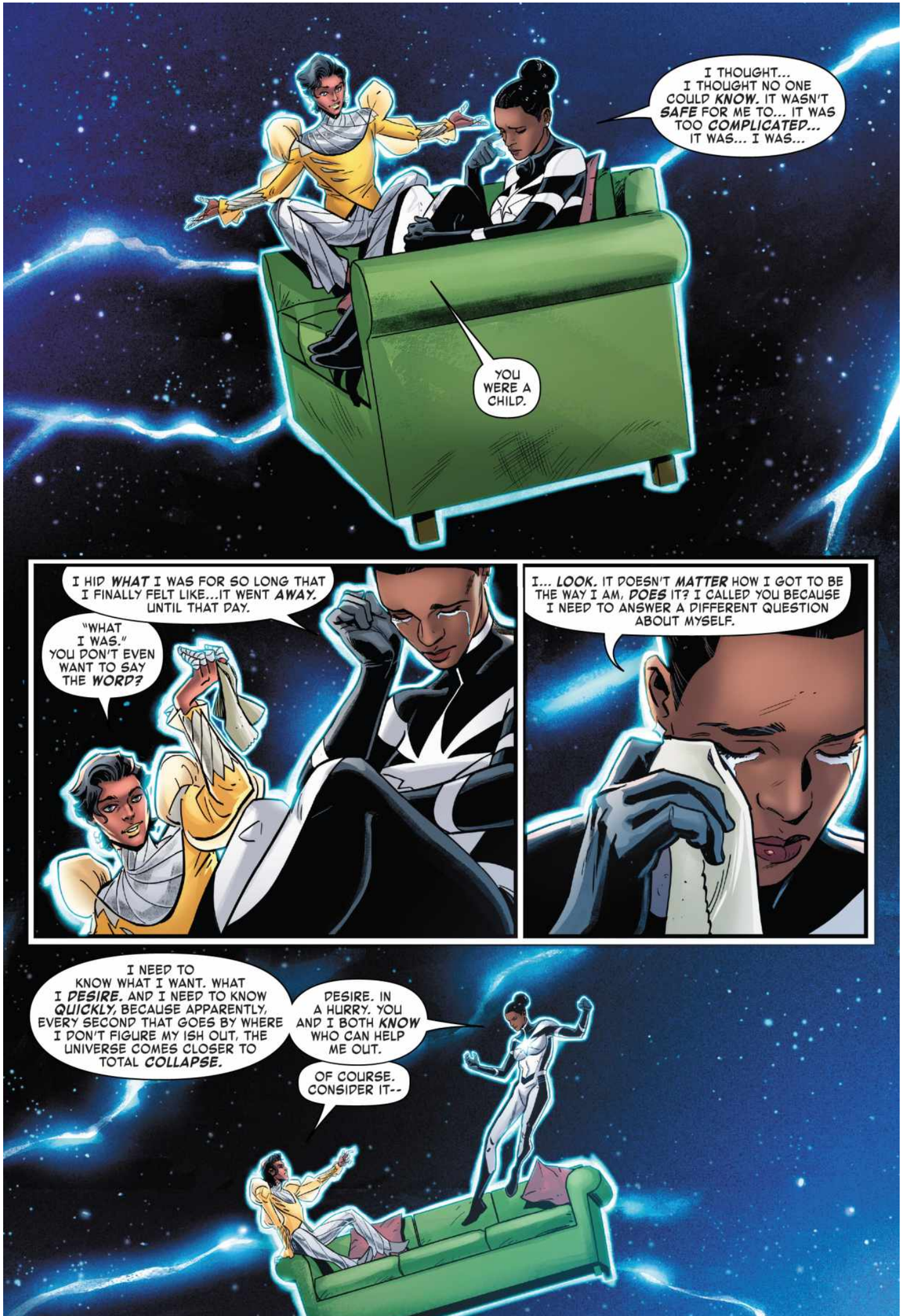
CALEB...CAN I TALK TO YOU ABOUT SOMETHING?
SOMETHING REALLY WEIRD?
OF COURSE.


SEVERAL MINUTES LATER...
SO...YOU'VE NEVER EVEN *MET* ME BEFORE.
HAVE YOU EVER TRIED?
I GUESS NOT.
OF COURSE I HAVE. JUST...DIFFERENT *VERSIONS* OF YOU. MY USUAL CALEB IS...WELL, I DON'T NORMALLY TELL *HIM* MY PROBLEMS. MORE THE OTHER WAY AROUND.
HM. MIGHT BE WORTH UNPACKING *THAT.*
BUT ANYWAY-- SEEMS LIKE EVERYBODY IS TELLING YOU THE SAME *THING,* MONICA. YOU JUST DON'T SEEM READY TO HEAR IT.
WASSANAME, THE BEYONDER. THEY SAID IT FIRST. YOU HAVE TO FIGURE OUT WHAT *YOU WANT.*
FOLKS KEEP SAYING THAT LIKE IT'S SO *EASY!*
I DON'T *KNOW* WHAT I WANT. I NEVER STOPPED TO THINK ABOUT IT. WHENEVER I DO, IT'S LIKE EVERYBODY ELSE IS IN MY HEAD. LIKE I CAN'T SEE PAST WHAT OTHER PEOPLE NEED ME TO BE.
I THINK I *GOT* A LITTLE SOMETHING FOR THAT.
TAKE THESE. THEY BELONGED TO GREAT-GRANDMOTHER MARIE.
CALEB, WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO DO WITH *THOSE?*
THEY'RE GOOD *ENERGY.* FOR SOMEONE WHO WALKS THROUGH *WALLS,* YOU'RE AWFULLY SKEPTICAL.
HEY, DAD. HI, AUNTIE MONICA.
CAN WE HAVE SCREEN TIME? HOMEWORK IS DONE.
SURE, SWEETHEART.
CALEB...DIDN'T YOU HAVE TWO TWIN *BABIES?*
DID YOU HIT YOUR *HEAD?*
NO! EVERYTHING IS *SHIFTING* AGAIN.

SORRY, CALEB. THIS IS GONNA GET SLIGHTLY WEIRD. IF YOU CAN'T BEAT 'EM...
BEYONDER!
WHEREVER YOU ARE, I KNOW YOU CAN SEE EVERYTHING! I KNOW YOU CAN HEAR ME!
HEY, THERE.
WHEN I SAW YOU BEFORE, YOU SAID YOU WERE DRAWN HERE BY ME.
WHAT DID YOU MEAN BY THAT?
AHH...SO NOW YOU WANT TO LISTEN.
AGES AND AGES AGO...

I CAUGHT A GLIMPSE OF A TREMENDOUS ENERGY, PIERCING THROUGH THE VOID OF MY NON-REALITY. A *COSMIC EVENT* THAT CREATED A PINHOLE FROM YOUR WORLD TO *MINE.*
RIGHT. I'VE HEARD THIS STORY. IT WAS *OWEN REECE.* WHEN HE BECAME *MOLECULE MAN,* IT CREATED A *SHOCKWAVE* IN THE MULTIVERSE, AND *BLAH BLAH BLAH.**
THE *AVENGERS* HAVE A WHOLE REPORT ON IT FILED AWAY.
YOU KNOW IT *ALL* ALREADY, DO YOU? NO--OWEN REECE WAS *ONE* OF THE HYPER-POWERED BEINGS WHO GARNERED MY ATTENTION. BUT BY NO MEANS THE *ONLY* ONE.
*SEE *SECRET WARS II #6!* --E.E.
PASSED OVER *AGAIN.*
IT'S JUST NOT *FAIR,* MARIA. THOSE FOOLS DON'T DESERVE YOU.
WHY NOT *QUIT,* MAMA? IF THEY DON'T GIVE YOU THE SAME CHANCE AS EVERYBODY ELSE.
QUIT AND DO WHAT? LET MY FAMILY GO WITHOUT?
IT'S NOT JUST ABOUT WHAT *I* WANT. WE DON'T ABIDE *QUITTERS* IN THIS HOUSE, MONICA. WE DON'T GIVE THEM NOT ONE REASON TO DOUBT US.
THE WORLD WON'T SHOW US ANY *FAVOR,* YOU SEE?
SO WE PUT OUR NOSE TO THE *GRINDSTONE,* AND WE--WE--
YOUR MOTHER'S JUST *UPSET,* BABY. AND SHE HAS EVERY *RIGHT* TO BE.

"I SAW A YOUNG GIRL WITH *TREMENDOUS* POWER...
DON'T GIVE THEM NOT *ONE* REASON.
"...*MASSIVE* ABILITIES THAT SHE SEEMED UNABLE... OR UNWILLING...TO USE.
NOSE TO THE *GRINDSTONE.*
"UNTIL IT BECAME *UNAVOIDABLE.*


I THOUGHT... I THOUGHT NO ONE COULD KNOW. IT WASN'T SAFE FOR ME TO... IT WAS TOO COMPLICATED... IT WAS... I WAS...
YOU WERE A CHILD.
I HID WHAT I WAS FOR SO LONG THAT I FINALLY FELT LIKE...IT WENT AWAY. UNTIL THAT DAY.
"WHAT I WAS." YOU DON'T EVEN WANT TO SAY THE WORD?
I... LOOK. IT DOESN'T MATTER HOW I GOT TO BE THE WAY I AM, DOES IT? I CALLED YOU BECAUSE I NEED TO ANSWER A DIFFERENT QUESTION ABOUT MYSELF.
I NEED TO KNOW WHAT I WANT. WHAT I DESIRE. AND I NEED TO KNOW QUICKLY, BECAUSE APPARENTLY, EVERY SECOND THAT GOES BY WHERE I DON'T FIGURE MY ISH OUT, THE UNIVERSE COMES CLOSER TO TOTAL COLLAPSE.
DESIRE. IN A HURRY. YOU AND I BOTH KNOW WHO CAN HELP ME OUT.
OF COURSE. CONSIDER IT--

--DONE.
WELL, IF IT ISN'T THE LOVELY MONICA RAMBEAU.
WHAT ARE YOU DOING ON STARFOX'S SHIP?
TO BE CONCLUDED!

NEXT
#5
Monica is pretty sick of navigating topsy-turvy, fractured realities and their strange denizens--who keep insisting she's the problem! Unfortunately, the only way out is by doing the one thing she wants to

SON OF ULTRON